

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Shelving Illyana for now, finishing up the Red Room dismantling. Thaddeus is feeling so good about himself~

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The urge to wake Sleeping Beauty up and help her immediately is nearly overwhelming but acting impulsively and recklessly at a time like this just isn't a good idea. In the end, Thaddeus and Emma mutually decide to keep Illyana Rasputin in her coma for two very good reasons.

First and foremost, they watch the Red Room's footage of her disappearance and near instantaneous return. Like Melina had said, Illyana had seemingly aged more than twenty years in the seconds she'd been gone, but more than that, she came back wielding a huge energy sword that was clearly capable of doing a LOT of damage very quickly.

Frankly, from watching the security footage back, Thaddeus got the impression that the Red Room had been lucky to be able to disable Illyana like they did. There was definitely a world, numerous worlds really, where she might have managed to evade capture and continue destroying shit, or even escaped altogether.

The second reason they don't wake her up right then and there is far closer to home... namely, she has psionic shields beyond what even Laura could lay claim to. Thaddeus had assumed that the reason he, Sage, and Emma had missed Illyana originally was because the coma had diminished her brain activity to a mere whisper, but upon closer inspection, that simply wasn't the case.

Indeed, even in a coma, her mind was completely protected from even Emma's strongest attempts at psychic intrusion. Which meant they had no way of getting through to Illyana and making sure she knew that they weren't going to hurt her ahead of waking her up.

Whenever they did bring her out of the coma, it was almost certainly going to be a shitshow... and that wasn't the kind of thing that they wanted happening on a secret lair flying high above Russian Airspace. Not when they still had plenty of other shit to take care of regarding the Red Room.

Ultimately, Illyana was going to be kept under for the time being, at least until they were back in New York and could wake her up a bit more safely. Maybe outside of the city, away from any population centers...

Regardless, with that decision made, they all focused back on the numerous other things going on... namely, the dismantling of the Red Room and the freeing of the rest of the Black Widows.

It takes about a day or so for every single Black Widow out in the field to make it back home, but once they're there it's not difficult to dose them with the Red Dust that's been created and free them from Dreykov's control. At which point, they all receive a much needed debriefing from Yelena and Natasha.

At the same time, Melina is able to get in contact with the small Widow Rebellion that she'd started back when she'd first developed Red Dust and they arrive within that same day, bringing with them more than enough explosives to not just blow the entire Red Room facility out of the sky, but also blow it up into tiny enough chunks that there wouldn't be enough left to even bother salvaging it.

Finally, after almost twenty four hours of nonstop activity, they're ready to go. The first batches of people, including the younger generation of Widows in training as well as Illyana Rasputin, have already left the Red Room behind, with Sage and Emma taking charge of all of them.

All that's left now are Thaddeus, Natasha, Yelena, Melina, and the older generations of Black Widows. There's only a couple dozen of them in total given the sheer danger inherent in their 'profession', but they still crowd around the platform in front of the last remaining ship in the Red Room's hangar.

Before them all, kneeling there with a blank expression on his face, is General Dreykov, the architect of all their pain and suffering. After a long moment, that blank expression finally starts to clear up as Emma gets far enough away that Dreykov is no longer under her control.

He's still handcuffed of course, and with his control over the Widows broken, there's nowhere for him to go and nothing for him to do at this point. That realization provokes an expression of pure horror across the man's face as he comes out of his stupor to find himself staring up into the faces of all the women he's ever wronged... who still draw breath, anyways.

Melina steps forward first, her lab coat long discarded and replaced with a formfitting Widow Suit, the same as all the others are wearing. Admittedly, she rocks it just as well as the others do, in spite of being the oldest there.

"M-Melina, I-urk!"

Grabbing Dreykov by the jaw and squeezing hard enough to silence him, Melina drops into a crouch before the kneeling man. She smiles and shakes her head.

“There’s nothing left for you to say, Dreykov. All that’s left is for these girls to kill you. Slowly.”

Then, she twists and there’s a rather loud crunching sound as Dreykov’s jaw breaks right then and there from her slightly enhanced strength. A strangled scream leaves the mangled man’s lips, but he’s no longer capable of speech as Melina stands up and steps back.

From there, the others step forward one by one. Natasha, Yelena, and all the others. It’s not pretty, what they do to Dreykov. No weapons but themselves. Just their hands, feet, and in some cases their teeth.

Thaddeus watches stoically, not feeling one ounce of sympathy for the older man. Dreykov had done this to himself, in the end. He’d taken these women from their homes at young ages and turned them into weapons. He made these women into Black Widows. Did he expect them to be grateful to him here at the end? Did he expect them to not want to each extract their own pound of flesh from him.

By the time they’re all done, Dreykov is an unrecognizable bloody mess of a man. That he’s even still breathing is a testament to just how good they are at delivering very precise amounts of damage, Thaddeus is pretty sure. They can all kill a man with one strike, but that means they know how to NOT kill a man with their blows as well.

Finally, Melina Vostokoff steps forward, gun in hand. She lifts it up and fires once, then twice. A double tap straight to the head. At this point, it was more of a mercy killing than an execution, but Thaddeus doesn’t have to read Melina’s mind to know she didn’t mean it as one. No, she simply preferred to be sure. Needless to say, he could very much respect that.

With Dreykov dead and the Red Room Academy stripped of everything valuable including its personnel, Thaddeus and the oldest generation of Black Widows climb into the last transport. Exchanging looks with the others; Natasha smirks and then heads for the cockpit to settle in and pilot the thing.

Thaddeus is too busy staring back at where they'd come from to notice though. They soon take off and are flying away from the facility at a good, solid pace. Finally, Melina steps up beside him and holds out the detonator.

"Care to do the honors?"

Blinking down at the thing, Thaddeus furrows his brow.

"I... I mean, shouldn't it be one of you? I'm just here to help..."

Shaking her head with a rueful grin, Melina pushes the detonator into his hand.

"That's precisely why it should be you. We've all agreed already."

Well, damn. Thaddeus had to wonder at their thought processes, but if they all agreed and none of them wanted to do it... fuck it. Staring out at the orbital facility before it can fully disappear behind the clouds starting to fill his vision, Thaddeus holds up the detonator... and presses the big red button.

The resulting explosion is truly spectacular to behold, even as the shockwave buffets them a little bit even with how far away they are. Still, the rattling ceases soon enough and they're soon flying steadily, heading back towards home via a circuitous route that hopefully won't allow anyone in Russia to track them back to New York.

There was always the risk of that of course, which was the main reason they hadn't just stolen the entire facility in the first place. But they would do all they could to avoid anyone coming after them and-

Thaddeus blinks, pulled out of his thoughts by the collective noise of what sounds like a couple dozen zippers being pulled down in unison. Turning away from the destruction of the Red Room as the ramp on their transport finally closes shut behind him, Thaddeus can only stare.

Before him is the sight of over twenty women, all wearing the same form-fitting catsuits, having pulled the front zippers of those catsuits down to reveal tantalizing amounts of cleavage and their navels, all the way to their crotches.

"Uh... ladies? What's... going on?"

Melina smirks as she takes the spent detonator from his hand and sets it aside. Meanwhile, Yelena scoffs and comes right up to him only to reach down and grab his crotch rather aggressively. Not that Thaddeus minds the groping OR the view all that much.

"Natasha told us what you did for her. And I told them what you did for me too."

From his other side, Melina smiles sadly as she looks out at the others before continuing where Yelena left off.

"They sterilized us all, Thaddeus. According to Yelena, you can heal gunshot wounds with your cum. According to Natasha... you can do a lot more than that~"

Thaddeus blushes as Black Widows begin shucking off their bodysuits one by one. Yelena doesn't even bother doing that all the way yet. Instead, she shucks off the top half of her own suit, revealing shapely tits, before dropping down to her knees right in front of him.

His cock is out and in her hands before he can even blink, with her looking up at him with a wicked grin.

"Think you can help us out, magic man?"

Thaddeus swallows hard as he looks out at the sea of womanly flesh being exposed to him. On the one hand, a couple dozen Black Widows in the buff is extremely fucking hot. Each and every one of them is an unparalleled seductress and gorgeous femme fatale by themselves. Together? He feels like he might have passed out already if he wasn't empowered.

On the other hand... his own moral code won't allow this to happen without him telling them about the other option.

"You don't... you don't have to do this. We used my cum because we weren't sure if you would survive long enough to get you to the other option, Yelena. We have another healer, one who doesn't need to have sex for her powers to work. All of you can be fully healed without... without giving up your bodily autonomy or forcing yourselves to have sex with me."

There's a pause as Thaddeus waits for them to react to this reveal. He's expecting some anger, and even maybe some minor embarrassment as they all quickly get dressed again. He's even ready to pretend like this has never happened.

... He's not expecting them all to share a look with one another and then begin giggling at him. Yelena in particular outright laughs at him, a great big

‘Hah!’ before she opens wide and takes his half-hard cock in her mouth, beginning to suck him off expertly right then and there.

Between not understanding why they’re laughing and also Yelena’s oral technique, Thaddeus is thoroughly thrown for a loop. Fortunately, Melina steps in, running a hand down his chest as the older Widow shakes her head in wry amusement.

“You are still so young, aren’t you Thaddeus?”

He flushes a little bit at that. Sure he’s only eighteen, but he’s seen and done a lot! Except... he doesn’t say that because looking around the transport, he realizes that every single woman in here has seen and done a LOT more than he has.

“Do you really think we feel ‘forced’ to give ourselves to you? That couldn’t be further from the truth, but I suppose you are going to make us spell it out for you, aren’t you? Not all of us even necessarily want to be mothers like dear Natasha. But ALL of us want to be with you, to reward our savior for coming to us in our time of need~”

Thaddeus swallows thickly. Maybe he should have been able to figure that out on his own, actually. He was usually better about picking up on cues than this. But to be fair... two dozen naked Black Widows would short circuit the brain of even the most intelligent man on the planet, he was pretty sure.

“You don’t... I didn’t do any of this for a reward. I did it because it was right. None of you deserved any of what was done to you...”

He blinks in surprise when that provokes several blinding, beaming smiles from the beautiful naked women in front of him. He flushes as they all

giggle some more at his expense, even as they continue to approach until he's crowded on all sides by the lot of them. Until finally, Melina reaches up and gently caresses his chiseled jaw, turning his head to face her.

“And that, Thaddeus, is precisely why you've more than earned our affection.”

Then, she's kissing him and Thaddeus can't help but kiss her back. All the while, Yelena is down below, sucking away at his cock. Though she's not there for long. Soon, more Widows descend to their knees and begin moving into place around him. Some work their way under Yelena to begin sucking his balls, even.

Still more turn to one another, running their hands across each other's bodies and fondling and groping in an exaggerated fashion that is clearly meant to draw his attention and hold it.

... So this was happening now, apparently. And Thaddeus didn't think he was going to be able to stop it. Nor... nor did he really want to either...

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A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!